

PARTHENOPHE. SESTINE. 479

And having found Thee ruthless and unkind;
Soft skinned, hard hearted; sweet looks, void
of pity;
Ten thousand furies araged in my
mind! Changing the tenour of my
lovely Ditty;
By whose enchanting Saws and magic
Spell^
Thine hard, indurate hearty I must compel.

SESTINE 5.



HEN, first, with locks dishevelled
and bare, Strait girded, in a
cheerful calmy night, Having a
fire made of green cypress wood,
And with male frankincense on altar
kindled; I call on threefold HECATE with
tears!
And here, with loud voice, invoke the
Furies !

For their assistance to me, with their furies ;
Whilst snowy steeds in coach, bright PHCEBE
bare.
Ay me ! PARTHENOPHE smiles at my tears !
I neither take my rest by day or night;
Her cruel loves in me such heat have
kindled.
Hence, goat! and bring her to me raging
wood !

HECATE tell, which way she comes through
the wood! This wine about this altar, to
the Furies I sprinkle ! whiles the cypress
boughs be kindled. This brimstone, earth
within her bowels bare ! And this blue
incense, sacred to the night! This hand,
perforce, from this bay his branch tears !

So be She brought! which pitied not my tears !
And as it burneth with the cypress wood, So
burn She with desire,, by day and night!
You gods of vengeance ! and avengeful
Furies! Revenge, to whom I bend on my
knees bare. Hence, goat! and bring her,
with love's outrage kindled!